

# Newport Mercury.

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## The Mercury.

—continued by—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the country, with the exception of the Boston Evening Post, the oldest paper in the English language. It has always been a weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading, editorial, state and general news, well selected, and with a goodly amount of political, financial, and other news. It has had a number of changes in its ownership, and is now in the hands of the publishers.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall,

Matthew Loring, No. 63, St. J. O. P., William H. Tolman, Warden; James H. Gould, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

The Newport Horticultral Society; Hon. Howard H. Ladd, President; Thomas Fletcher, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

Businessmen's Club, No. 11, R. of P., James F. Remond, President; Christopher H. Hobart, Vice-President; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

Businessmen's Club, No. 11, R. of P., 8th Knight Captain, George A. Weston; Everett D. Gorham, Recorder; meets 1st Friday evening in each month.

Newport Camp, No. 407, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Vice-Chairman; Charles B. Peckler, Clerk; meets 2d and 4th Tuesday evenings in each month.

## Local Matters.

### Grand Visitation.

The grand officers of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, New England Order of Protection, made their annual visit to Malbone Lodge of this city Thursday evening. There was nearly a full board present, consisting of Alfred E. Henry of Providence, Grand Warden; Robert W. Sydall of Central Fall, G. V. W.; Alonzo E. Pierce of Pawtucket, Grand Treasurer; Charles S. Goddard of Newport, Junior Past G. W.; Silas A. Weller of Auburn, G. O.; Mrs. Jennie B. Weeks of Providence, Grand Chaplain; John A. Haslam of Providence, G. Guardian; David F. Sherwood of Providence, Grand Sentinel, and James H. Shaw of Providence, Past Guard Warden. In the afternoon the visitors were entertained by Mr. Charles S. Goddard, who took the party to the Trauring Station, where they were shown many courtesies. In the evening addresses were made by the visitors and members and a banquet was served. The hall was elegantly decorated with plants, cut flowers, and bouquets, through the kindness of John Allan, a Past Warden of Malbone Lodge.

The tenth annual chrysanthemum show of the Newport Horticultural Society will be held at Malbone Hall on November 5, 6 and 7. The exhibition will be open from 2 to 6 p. m. Tuesday, and from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Wednesday and Thursday. A generous supply of premiums are offered on chrysanthemums, palms, roses, violets and fruit and a good exhibition is anticipated.

There are no new developments in the small pox case. The board of health are watching the case closely and are looking out for all with whom the patient came in contact before the case was diagnosed. All suspected parties have been vaccinated and the board urges vaccination for the general public.

Last evening occurred the Republican ward caucuses for the nomination of aldermen and common councilmen. There were expected to be opposition tickets in the first three wards, and in the second, especially a number of tickets were in the field. The fourth and fifth wards do not offer so many candidates for city councilmen.

Miss Gertrude Sullivan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Sullivan, was given a surprise at her home on Pelham street Tuesday evening by her young friends. A most enjoyable time was afforded all present.

Mr. William E. Stanhope, of this city, was elected secretary of the Walker Club of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the college year.

Miss Miraeth Anchorage has closed her summer residence on Washington street and gone to New York.

Mrs. John Nichols Brown and son Mrs. Howard Brown have returned to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. West have taken their residence to Boston, where Mrs. West has secured a position.

The condition of Mrs. Charles B. Atwood, who has been confined at her long illness, has improved.

Very Sincere V. A. Bradley is recovering from his recent illness.

### William C. Cozzens

Died Friday morning after an illness of Twenty Four Hours and Will be Deeply Mourned.

Mr. William C. Cozzens died at his home on Powel avenue yesterday (Friday) morning shortly before noon, after an illness of less than twenty-four hours. He had suffered for some time from severe headaches and Thursday morning had spoken of being troubled by the pain. While in his store on Thames street shortly before noon he suffered an apoplectic shock, which resulted in his death. He was unconscious for many hours and could not be removed to his home, his family and physicians remaining with him during the night. Yesterday morning he was removed to his home on Powel avenue. He appeared to rally from the attack but a second shock occurred and death came at about eleven o'clock.

The death of Mr. Cozzens comes as a severe shock to the community. He was a man known and esteemed by the great majority of residents of this city. As a business man, the head of one of the oldest business houses in the city, he had an enviable reputation for honesty and fair dealing. As a friend he was staunch and sincere, faithful alike in success or adversity. In his home he was a loving husband and a kind and indulgent father. His home life was especially attractive and he was deeply attached to his family.

Few men will be more deeply mourned or will leave more sincere friends than William C. Cozzens. His death will be keenly felt in all parts of the city. Quiet and unassuming, never aspiring to public office, he was nevertheless a man of influence in affairs and one who took an interest in matters of public moment.

William C. Cozzens was born in this city about 56 years ago. He was the youngest son of the late William C. and Martha (Gould) Cozzens, his mother being a sister of the late David and Nathan Gould, who were at one time the fashionable tailors of the city.

The elder William C. Cozzens was the most prominent business and political circles in this city of any men of his time. He served as mayor of New York, state senator, was a few months governor of the state and held many other offices. He was the owner of the largest dry goods and carpet store in this section of New England under the firm name of William C. Cozzens & Co. After this firm was dissolved the younger Mr. Cozzens was for some time in the employ of another dealer in dry goods, and left that store to establish the present firm of William C. Cozzens & Co., his partner being the late H. Augustus Kaull.

Mr. Cozzens never held nor sought public office although he took the interest of a citizen in municipal affairs. He was prominent in club life, being a charter member of the Lawrence club and of the earlier clubs which subsequently developed into that. He was also a member of the Newport Business Men's Association and of the Minuteman Golf club.

Mr. Cozzens married, more than 25 years ago, Sophie, daughter of the late Captain Charles Freeman, who survives him. He leaves two sons, Mr. George F. Cozzens, who recently took the state examination for admission to the bar, and Mr. William C. Cozzens, Jr., who has been associated with his father in business for several years. Two brothers, Mr. Henry W. Cozzens, of this city, and Mr. James G. Cozzens, of Chicago, and one sister, Miss Hannah Cozzens, also survive him.

Martin H. Ball.

Mr. Martin H. Ball died at his home on Sherman street Wednesday morning after an illness of several years. Death was due to consumption from which he had been a sufferer for a long time. He had visited the leading health resorts of the country in the hope of prolonging his life but the disease made rapid progress in spite of favorable climate and medical attention.

Mr. Ball was born in Maine but had lived in Newport for more than twenty-five years, working at his trade as stone cutter as long as his health would permit. When failing health compelled him to give up this work, he was appointed deputy collector at the custom house which position he still occupied at the time of his death, although the actual work was done for some time by Clarence A. Hammett, who acted as his substitute.

Mr. Ball was well known here and had many friends. He was formerly a prominent worker in politics and served as a member of the Democratic city committee. He was a man of unquestioned character and was respected by all who knew him.

José R. DeBols.

Mr. John B. DeBols died at an early hour Wednesday morning at his residence on Broadway, after an illness of some duration. Mr. DeBols conducted a meat and provision store on Broadway for many years. He was well

known throughout the city and was very popular, having a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. He had a kind and thoughtful disposition and was ever ready to lend a helping hand to any one in need.

He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. and A. M., Newport Royal Arch Chapter and Washington Commandery; also a member of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection. In 1889 he served as a member of the board of aldermen. The deceased was a brother of Henry D. DeBols and the late Silas and William DeBols. A widow and two children, Frank L. DeBols and Miss Sarah B. DeBols, survive him.

Funeral services will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock and will be conducted by St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., with Washington Commandery in escort.

Henry S. Freeborn.

Henry S. Freeborn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold P. Freeborn, died at his parents' residence on Broadway Wednesday after a long and lingering illness, in the seventeenth year of his age. Although he had been called upon to bear a great deal of suffering, he was most patient through it all, and his death came not unexpectedly. Besides his parents, a brother and a sister, Mr. Charles S. Freeborn, and Mrs. James D. Atwater, survive him.

The funeral took place Thursday afternoon from St. Joseph's Church, the services being conducted by Rev. Louis J. Deady, assisted by Rev. Dr. Donon. A large gathering of relatives and friends were present throughout the city. The floral offerings were very beautiful, and were a token of the esteem in which the young man was held.

Sarah A. Anderson.

Mrs. Sarah A. Anderson, widow of William Anderson, died at her home on Poplar street at an early hour Monday morning, after an illness of about a week's duration. She contracted a severe cold, and was obliged to take to her bed, growing worse day by day. Two days before her death she fell into an unconscious state, and the end came as a peaceful sleep.

Mrs. Anderson possessed many rare traits of character and was a good Christian woman. She was held in high esteem by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

The funeral took place at her residence on Poplar street on Wednesday at 2 o'clock and also from the Union Congregational Church at 2:30, and was very largely attended.

Wedding Bells.

Sullivan-Houllian.

Miss Nellie Catherine Houllian and Mr. Patrick J. Sullivan were married at St. Joseph's church Tuesday morning, Rev. Father Deady officiating. The bride wore a gown of white satin, with a veil. She was attended by Miss Katherine Byrnes as bridesmaid, who was dressed in white; while Mr. Patrick J. Houllian, brother of the bride, was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Arthur Leary, Edward Killeen, Michael Martin and Henry McGrath.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents on West Broadway.

The wedding gifts were useful and pretty.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan left in the evening for a wedding trip.

Stars-Blake.

A quiet wedding took place Thursday at St. Mary's rectory, when Mr. Otto Henry Staron and Miss Edith Genevieve Blake were married by Rev. Father Meanan. They were attended by Mr. James E. Blake and Miss Rose E. Blake. A wedding supper was served at the bride's home on Lea's wharf, to which only the immediate relatives were invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Staron left later in the evening on their wedding trip.

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lived in Newport for more than twenty-five years, working at his trade as stone cutter as long as his health would permit. When failing health compelled him to give up this work, he was appointed deputy collector at the custom house which position he still occupied at the time of his death, although the actual work was done for some time by Clarence A. Hammett, who acted as his substitute.

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had many friends. He was formerly a

### Week of Caucuses.

Republicans and Democrats Hold Their Primary Meetings and Lively Contests are Developed in Some.

The first caucus for the election of 1901 was held by the Republicans on Friday evening of last week, when the members of that party met in their ward rooms for the purpose of electing delegates to the city convention, members of the city committee, and caucus wardens and caucus clerks. In the first and second wards opposition to the "regular" tickets was developed and in the former ward the opposition elected their nominees by a fair majority. In the second ward the tickets were broken up, William A. Peckham being elected a member of the city committee to succeed himself and Charles E. Harvey being replaced by Clark Burdick.

The results were as follows:

FIRST WARD.

Delegates to City Convention—C. P. Davenport, James H. Hayes, P. J. Hayes, Andrew J. George, W. Valentine, Ward Committee—George B. Johnson, M. T. Leahy, T. H. Hayes, W. R. Sisson, M. Sullivan, Caucus Warden—William H. Corcoran, Caucus Clerk—William J. Christmas.

SECOND WARD.

Delegates to City Convention—William F. Mumford, P. J. Murphy, Michael Flynn, Ward Committee—Frank P. Nolan, P. J. Murphy, E. J. Albino, Michael Flynn, Caucus Warden—John Harry Brown, Caucus Clerk—George Dillon.

THIRD WARD.

Delegates to City Convention—Henry W. Clarke, William H. Walcott, Charles S. Ladd, William H. Johnston, George W. Wright, City Committee—William H. Jackson, William H. Jackson, A. Corrigan, Caucus Warden—George H. Kirby, Caucus Clerk—John Harry Brown.

FOURTH WARD.

Delegates to City Convention—William F. Mumford, P. J. Murphy, Michael Flynn, Ward Committee—Frank P. Nolan, P. J. Murphy, E. J. Albino, Michael Flynn, Caucus Warden—Arthur O'Connor, Caucus Clerk—George Dillon.

FIFTH WARD.

Delegates to City Convention—William J. Underwood, Louis Shantler, James H. Cottrell, Ward Committee—P. J. Hayes, T. J. Flord, Ward Committee—Louis Shantler, John T. Flord, Clarence A. Corrigan, Stephen S. Carr, Arthur B. Comerford, Caucus Warden—James A. Nahan, Caucus Clerk—Max Munchinger.

SIXTH WARD.

Delegates to City Convention—Patrick Connelly, Dennis J. Cussey, Dennis W. Maher, John J. Cassidy, Andrew J. Connell, Ward Committee—John J. Murphy, Patrick J. Martin, Michael Flynn, Caucus Warden—Michael Flynn, Caucus Clerk—J. E. Sullivan.

At the Democratic city convention on Monday evening, held for the purpose of electing delegates to the state convention and nominating candidates for senator and representatives, there was a flow of oratory on the issues of the campaign which furnished considerable enthusiasm for the few who were present to hear it. The nominees for senator and representatives, Messrs. Brown, Murphy and Clarke, spoke at some length on the infatuations of the state legislature in establishing the Newport police commission, and pledged themselves to secure the repeal of the act.

The result of the convention was as follows:

Member State Central Committee—Frank P. O'Neil.

Delegates to State Convention—W. H. Sullivan, Philip A. Hayes, James H. Goldie, P. J. Murphy, James G. Flynn, W. P. Clarke, Jr., W. J. Underwood, T. J. Flord, Ward Committee—Louis Shantler, Michael Flynn, Caucus Warden—Frank P. Nolan, Caucus Clerk—Francis G. Wilson.

Caucus Warden—Charles H. Clarke, Caucus Clerk—James A. Nahan.

FIFTH WARD.

Delegates to City Convention—Patrick Connelly, Dennis J. Cussey, Dennis W. Maher, John J. Cassidy, Andrew J. Connell, Ward Committee—John J. Murphy, Patrick J. Martin, Michael Flynn, Caucus Warden—Michael Flynn, Caucus Clerk—J. E. Sullivan.

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The city will never realize the full value of the Rogers, Townsend and Coles until all three buildings are so close together that the pupils can divide their time profitably among them. The commercial and the industrial work should not be differentiated, but all the subjects should be one great whole. This unity can never be possible until the buildings are sufficiently near to permit quick, easy and sheltered inter-communication.

At this time last year the Coddington, Lenthal and Clarke had 1,095 pupils; today they have 1,223, an increase of 128. If each room of these three schools had only 10 pupils, there would be a surplus of 223. If this total surplus were transferred to Rogers, it would require at least five rooms.

If a building could be built in a month, six months or even a year perhaps a slight delay would be expensive; but no one expects to use a new building within two years of the preliminary agitation. Therefore haste is necessary.

The superintendent's report also spoke of the work in physical culture and treated of minor matters.

Truman Officer Topham's report showed the following: Number of cases investigated (reported by

## TEN YEARS' TRIAL

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle  
My Heiress General  
CHARLES KING

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## CHAPTER I.

The sunshine of a glorious autumn morning was slanting along the Valley of the Pawnee, throwing bold shadows into the flats and lighting the landscape for miles with crimson and gold. The dew sparkling on the wild "bull" berry bushes, on tufted buffalo grass and tiny flowers mantled the bluffs with diamonds and was still so strong as to defy its one enemy, the sun god. The frost had snuffed the green foliage on the banks of the winding stream, and the leaves had donned their glorious hues, settling forth their cheeck color—no the sun reserves its song to meet the universal conqueror. The red rose slowly from the silent, shallow pools, and from distant village and from the neighboring heights the smoke of chimney or campfire soared straight to the skies. It was a morning to send the blood leaping through young veins and to brighten the eye of age, inspiring in which all nature seemed to rejoice and all mankind to thank God for the joy of living. Yet in the midst of a scene of such peace and health and hope there stood alone a man, still young, from whose face hope, peace, even health, apparently, had fled and whose attitude was one of utter grief and dejection. He was leaning against a branching willow, gazing into the depths of the broad pool of the Pawnee just above the rapids with iron alone knows what thoughts writhing through his brain, when the silence of the morning was broken by sudden, stirring sound. Close at hand from the willow across the stream there rang out loud and clear the call of a cavalry trumpet, followed almost instantly by the appearance of half a dozen horsemen moving at steady walk from a break in the timber and descending the gentle slope to the ford. Foremost rode a powerfully built soldier in the field uniform of the United States horse. Behind, side by side, came two young soldiers, all three evidently officers. They followed a brace of troopers—orderlies or grooms—and a jaunty lad with the yellow braids and glistening trumpet slung from the shoulder. Straight through the ford, the leader splashed, looking neither to right nor left, the sunlight peering under his hat brim and creasing with gold his bushy eyebrows and bristling mustache. Straight at his heels followed his little party, and then from the same opening in the willow there burst into view the head of a column of cavalry, moving at the same measured pace and with the same erect and martial bearing.

At the first sound of the trumpet the lonely figure at the edge of the pool darted back out of view and, bending low, stood where by peering through the bushes the column could be kept in sight, but when a moment later the fluttering guidon of the foremost trooper came suddenly flitting into the sunshine, all the brilliant color instantly enhanced, some intense emotion seemed to seize upon the lonely watcher, rising to his full height, with his clasped hands thrown above his head, he whirled about and, with an heart-rending cry, sank like a stricken bull to earth and lay face downward and buried in his arms, his whole form shaken with sobs.

Troop after troop, until the fourth had passed, the squadron crossed the ford and moved steadily up the southward slope following a winding road that led to the group of buildings crowning the height, and still the young man lay there. Over beyond the low line of bluff to the west a cloud of dust began to rise, and there was sound of martial noise. A tall flagstaff, looking like a thin white arrow, pierced the sky line from that westward crest, and the little bit of hunting fluttering at its summit was suddenly lowered, only to be replaced a moment later by a symbol that told it was some unusual occasion at the post, the arrival perhaps of some dignitary of superior rank, and in confirmation of this view, as the great garrison bugle swung up to the head of the staff, the earth trembled and the boom of a battery saluted thrashed on the ear. Even then there was no change in the attitude of the sufferer unless it were that he buried his face still deeper in his arms, but all of a sudden he started, half raised his head and listened.

Somewhere in stream a clear, powerful voice was shouting:

"Langdon! Eric, old chap! For God's sake, where are you?"

Hurriedly the listener drew his handkerchief over his eyes, shaking his head in the effort to pull himself together. But he gave no answer.

Presently the call was repeated, louder, nearer, and now bounding heel beats could be heard.

"Eric, I say! Eric!"

There was something almost commanding in the cry, and still no answer came from the man, who evidently recognized both voice and name to whom indeed the former seemed to bring a bit of hope or help or comfort, for the latter despond in his pale, sad face was lightened, the vexed triste. Yet he turned again toward the river, as though resolute to ignore the summons.

The next instant, glad and winsome in the sunshine at the edge of the timber, there galloped into sight a young officer whose blue eyes and fair, crisply curling hair would have invited more than a single glance, while the grace of his strong yet slender form and his crisp intent saddle would have won him many a look of admiration from his fellows. He rode with eager gaiety, keeping his mettlesome, excited horse over the few obstacles along the fringe of willows as though he and his steed had wings and this was easy as flying.

"Eric! Eric Langdon, I say!" rang out the brave young voice once more, and then, in a gleam of the sunshine that through the willows, his eagerly gazing eyes caught sight of the lone figure, the object of his morning quest.

In an instant he had sprung from saddle.

"Eric—you—you"—he began in almost boyish eagerness. "Stand where you are, Rould!" he commanding spoke to his beautiful horse and then, reluctantly leaving him without rousting of any kind, fairly leaped into the timber and to the side of his friend. Whipping off his gauntlet, he laid forth his hand.

"Remember Old Spot's story, Eric; what we used to hear from those cavalry fellows—never give a gloved hand if you want to talk business with Indian or friend! Old man, you—you!"

and for a moment he paused partly for breath, partly for words, and the bright blue eyes seemed suspiciously near brimming, "you've given me a bad night and a woeful morning. If it hadn't been for Melville, God bless him, I don't know what I'd done. He saw I was just all upset. He said, 'You may find him down by the river.' He said there'd be half an hour before review and for me to tell you for him—for him, by heaven!—and here the young soldier's emotion was too much for his eyes—"that you mustn't think of going until he had had a chance to say a word of friendship. Eric, what more do you need to keep you from giving us all the slip?"

Almost impulsively the elder turned, tears starting into his own haggard eyes.

"Did Melville say that, Rodney? Do you—you're not making it better than he did—God bless him anyhow—in your local effort to—comfort me?"

"Swear to it, Eric, it need be, and I know it's what you deserve to hear!"

Then, with rueful smile: "Even if you did try to pull out without giving any fellow a chance, I missed you just after I—just after the Brockton's" connection broke up. Woodrow and I scolded over to your room the moment we could get away, and there was your luggage all packed, but no sign of you. Couldn't find Hurricane either—which you could have seen that old fellow sitting on the back steps crying this morning—so I started through the post, shouting everywhere I thought you might be except—except—" And here an honest blush went up to the young fellow's brows. "Well, it was 3 o'clock when I left a note for you in the old room and it when I got in there again and found my note there, but not you, only old Hurricane boozing at the back. Listen! Yes, there goes adjutant's call, Eric, I may tell Melville you'll come? Steady there, Ronald!" he interjected, for the split-second, well knowing the call had whirled about and was pawing and snorting in manifest impatience. His owner moved to his side, but his eyes never left the form of his friend.

It was a moment before the latter could speak. Meantime the young Lieutenant had vaulted into saddle and was



A brilliant spectacle lay before the eyes of Eric Langdon.

at once caressing and controlling his pet, who was fretting and plunging in his eagerness to gallop to his place "in battery."

"May, tell the major I thank him with all my heart. I shall be there."

And now Ronald sprang away like a deer, shooting up the slope toward the west as though life had no higher joy than a hard gallop. Lieutenant May turned in the saddle to wave a friendly hand to the figure standing at the edge of the willows. Then horse and rider in long, easy curve rounded the shoulder of the bluff and skimmed out of sight.

Half an hour later a brilliant spectacle lay before the eyes of Eric Langdon. It was one to thrill and delight even an unprofessional eye, but this was the eye of a practical soldier, to whom every detail was familiar, a soldier who many a time had taken active and up to within three months prominent part in similar pageants. Now it was the will of the law that he should be cut off from further participation in scenes of the kind. By the stern edict of a court martial duly confirmed by the order of the president himself Langdon stood summarily dismissed from the military service of the United States.

It was a sad, sad story. It has had its parallels; it may have more. There was no finer young soldier in the battalion of cadets, and great were the prophecies of class mates—indeed of instructors—when Langdon's name came up for discussion. The corps rose up and cheered him on graduation day when a great public official in handing the handsome cadet captain his diploma took occasion to say that young Langdon was to be most welcome to the first regiment in creation, and a very pretty girl sitting close to Senator Spotts, a ponderous member of the Senate of visitors, whispered to that veteran bean:

"Now, there's a man I should like to know."

And so it happened that before the graduating class were fairly out of cadet uniform and into their first "fits" a messenger in the shape of the elderly of the commandant of cadets came to Eric Langdon to "hail" his presence at the quarters of that high official, and there he was presented to the distinguished senator, to whom he, in company with his class

mates, had already made the orthodox and conventional bowing required of the graduating cadet to the board of visitors, and now the senator, all smilingly, led forward an extremely pretty and vivacious damsel, "Mr. Langdon," said he, "this young lady has fallen in love with the corps in general and your—horsemen in particular, and I know you will be delighted to reciprocate."

It was an odd moment for Langdon, he was odd at a loss to know what to do or say had not the girl herself, with merry words and laughter, relieved the situation of its embarrassment.

That was the beginning. They met frequently that summer. They parted in the fall, when he went to his regiment, he utterly infatuated, she half delighted, half regretful. She couldn't think of marrying in the army, she said. She admitted it and him of all things, but that was all. Twice in that first year he managed to get leave and to go to her and plead again. He had some little money beyond his pay. He felt that he could support her in comfort, but he little dreamed of the scope of her desires. He was kept blind to the fact that she had hopes and ambitions far beyond his. Then one day the sudden death of a senator shocked the community, and Langdon, reading the news, never imagined the influence it was to have on his life. His letter of condolence to her brought an answer that was more than kind. Their marriage was sudden, but immensely "swell." She came with him to the regiment a few months, "stunning" everybody by the elegance of her toilet and the extravagance of her ideas. Then she declared she could not bear garrison life and pinned for Washington. She got him a detail on staff duty, and he would not go. His place, he said, for a few years at least must be with the regiment. She went without him, and presently he was continually with bills the payment of which swamped him—took his last cent. It mattered little, she said. Senator Spotts' only sister, his elder by several years, was to have her every penny, and indeed in the hard times for him that followed more than once that he knew of and more than twice that he knew not of that sorely tried maiden came to his rescue with checks of startling size. Then there came rumors that the lovely yet volatile Mrs. Langdon was flirting desperately at the capitol, and one of the very best young "duty" officers in the regiment was beginning to look haggard and shabby. She got him to sign notes far beyond his pay to meet his needs, promising that "Cousin Spotts" would meet the notes. They began to fall due just as that amiable lady was taken to her grave, and then the will was contested, the legal heirs won, and Mrs. Langdon had to begin parting with jewelry, not to meet those notes, but her own cravings. Then came more bills, more debts, morphine.

Such were three years of Eric Langdon's married life. The next and last was the worst. Serving all the time to stick to his duty and keep up appearances, he was wearing himself out in the vain hope that his military record for efficiency might offset the terrible stigma of these pressing debts. Now the creditors were becoming importunate and raising their complaints upon his colonel and the war department. No matter how or by whom contracted, the debts were held to be his, that he was accountable for all. By the time he was 27 and finishing his fourth year of service with the regiment Eric Langdon looked like the patriarch of the subalterns, with his lined face and sad dark eyes, and when during the next year the news came that his wretched helpmate—sane the mark—had breathed her last in a "retreat" everybody said, "Blessed relief."

And yet, poor lad, he mourned her and went and wept over her grave.

Then he came back to the regiment to face curious glances and those thousands of debt. Among the junior officers there were a few brave boys like Woodrow and Rodney May who strove to cheer and sustain him. But Torrance, who had "struck it rich" at Fortress Monroe and married an insane young woman of much wealth, was intolerant of a fellow at his wits' end for money, and there was a captain in the garrison who developed into one of Langdon's persecutors. This was Felix Nathan. Notedly in 1850 could have traced Nathan's antecedents. He shamed the topic himself and left it to others the comforting theory that they were in some way connected with the pawnshop. He had been commissioned in the infantry at the instance of the Hon. Mr. Steinmeyer, who represented in Congress a wealthy if inconspicuous district in New York. He found a few months' sojourn in a fighting regiment on the far frontier so utterly to his distaste—the mere mention of Indians would turn him sick long years afterward that when the army was reorganized he literally bought a transfer into the artillery, where the splendor of his attire and a certain Germanic cast of features won him the title of "the Baron" or sometimes Herr von Fertigen Kleider. Certain pecuniary loans with which he favored some of his new found comrades gave him at first a glamour as of generosity. The remorse-

less vigor with which full payment was later exacted—at most inconvenient times and conspicuous places—removed the glamour.

But the artillery works and polishes. Nathan had to work, drill and study. He was no fool. He labored with his drawing master and speedily shone in both the boulroon and in ballistics. They had sent him to Fortress Monroe in hopes of damping his desire to remain in the artillery, and he mastered the course with comparative ease. They "put up jobs" at his expense at much by the introduction of sausages and sauerkraut in undue proportion, and Nathan said, he feared they didn't know the good from the bad, sent "home," he said, for daubles and mixed them with the quality and quantity of sausages shipped to him.

And then in course of time he cut in and won the favor of the season, and that marriage made him. His wife had most influential connections. They frequently spent summers at Bar Harbor or Newport. They had the most sumptuously furnished quarters in garrison, and very "swell" visitors much of the time. They entertained lavishly, and so it came about that their social supremacy was established, not without protest, but it was no use "kicking against the pricks."

All the same, Nathan was mean. He lavished his cigars and champagne on certain of his callers and treated with cold courtesy the others. His wife's chums, if she had any, in the regiment were the two or three whose gowns sometimes nearly matched her own. They distinctly "put on airs" over their fellows, and for a time a winking of a post commander permitted it, but that was before Melville's day, and Melville was a regimental adorner.

One thing Nathan hated Langdon for was the fact that the latter could "take the bitts" and make do anything.

He was a consummate drillmaster and handler of men. Things never went so well as when the captain stepped aside and the lieutenant took command. Regimental critics twitted Nathan with the fact, and it made him furious. If anything could have helped Langdon, it would have been service under some other commander. There were three other captains who would have been glad of his services, but Nathan refused to allow the sharp disagreements between them, and thrice when Langdon had to appeal the decision went in his favor.

By this time the battery had been made a part of the great Western garrison on the Pawnee, where two squadrons of cavalry and four "light" or mounted batteries formed the main features of the command. A veteran dragoon officer was at the head of affairs, a man with much conscience and little sympathy, and the way he "tailed in," as the boys said, to polish up the entire military establishment was a caution. The Nathans gave a sumptuous dinner in his honor about the first thing, and the colonel pitched into Nathan within 48 hours all along of the condition of his horses, to the intense of the uninitiated, because this was the last thing that dinner was supposed to bring about. Nathan accepted the criticism and said he could not help himself, his lieutenants were so careless. It was at this time that renewed complaints came to headquarters concerning the nonpayment of those notes.

Poor Langdon was setting aside a portion of his mortgaged stipend and sending it each month to "preferred" creditors, but the others kept up the grouch, and it must be admitted that along about this stage of the game in his grief and despair Langdon had sought solace at times in whisky. At this Nathan reported to his chief when asked about the financial status of his subaltern. Had old "Cat o' Nine Tails" the post commander, consulted the veteran major, who had but recently arrived and assumed command of the batteries, he would have heard a different tale, for Melville knew a soldier and a gentleman when he saw one, and his sorrow for Langdon was expressed in something deeper than words. He made him come to his quarters and spend an evening or two. His wife, his children and a very interesting niece—all seemed to take a hand in Langdon's entertainment, but it lasted only a week or so, for matters were hastening to a climax. The colonel had sent for the young officer, roughly told him that the army was no place for men as deeply involved, went on about "neglected duties," frequent lapses over liquor, all of which was grievous exaggeration, yet honestly believed by him to be true, and poor Langdon came away stung, stunned and hopeless.

That night, very late, long after every one but the guard had retired, a fire broke out near the haystacks, and while the men were at work with buckets and hose and the entire command was on duty it was observed by more than one officer that Langdon was perceptibly under the influence of liquor. Sitting up all alone and brooding over his troubles he had probably taken to the bottle.

Three nights later came a clash. Melville's pretty niece, a wholesome, pure-bred girl, was devoted to riding. Melville asked Langdon to take her out, and Captain Nathan, Mr. Torrance and two or three of their set, viewing the performance from afar, made comments thereon in presence of young fellows like May, who liked Langdon more than a little and it all got to Langdon's ears. He marched straight to the clubhouse. It was just before tattoo, and a number of officers were seated on the veranda chatting, smoking and sipping cooling drinks. Torrance had been chief offender, and this he told.

"Mr. Torrance," said Langdon, his eyes alight, his lips very white, "you are reported to have said this and so this evening."

"I did," said Torrance, rising from his chair. "What have you to say about it?"

"This is the only reply as a stinging blow sent Torrance crashing over the table."

"Eric! Eric Langdon, I say!" rang out the brave young voice once more,

## INSURANCE

## Notice

AGENCY OF A. S. SHERMAN,  
MERCHANT'S BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES are represented in Newport by Mr. Job T. Faugier, deceased, having been transferred to me, policies and renewals in the same will be written at this office, where engagements can be made.

Wright's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil,

Wright's Blackberry Cordial,

Queen's Cure of London,

Wright's Balsom, etc.,

Scottish Union & National of Edinburgh

and London,

Northern Assurance Co. of London.

Washington Square, Newport, R. I.

Charles M. Cole,

## Pharmacist,

802 THAMES STREET,

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

JAMES T. WRIGHT, Ph. G.

REGISTERED PHARMACIST.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery,

Manufacturer of Wright's Ointment, a Detergent of the highest quality.

Wright's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil,

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Queen's Cure of London,

Wright's Balsom, etc.,

Scottish Union & National of Edinburgh

and London,

Northern Assurance Co. of London.





## KIDNAPPED CHILD NEAR CAPE TOWN

Mrs. Barnshaw Liable to Receive Heavy Penalty

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States

Boston, Oct. 18.—A verdict of guilty was returned by the jury in the superior court against Mrs. Babsie Barnshaw, who was charged with kidnapping 8-year-old Babsie May Addison from her home on Conpton street, on Sept. 29. Judge Bell deferred sentence. Under the law the penalty for the crime is not more than 10 years in prison or a fine not exceeding \$1000 and not more than two years in jail.

The government sought to show that the child had been kept, against her will at the Barnshaw house on Alton street for several days, that she had been ill-treated and had been fed with whisky to prevent her crying and that when found by a police officer Mrs. Barnshaw had declared that the child was her sister's child, and she had been sent to her for safe keeping. The defense was that the little one had strayed to the Barnshaw house, that she had in fact been in demand at all, but was being safely kept in safety until her parents were found.

What's Ours to Settle Bill

Boston, Oct. 18.—The critics will soon have another important question of law to settle in the case of the continuo-wealth versus Charles H. Eastman, who was discharged several months ago after a long trial on an indictment charging murder. There were many expensive expert witnesses for both the prosecution and defense, employed then. The government experts having been paid by Middlesex county, Mr. Eastman believes that the experts he engaged in hiring the expert witnesses who testified during the prosecution of the case of the defense should also be borne by the county. The bill which the defendant thinks he ought not to be asked to pay amounts to about \$1000. The particular issue involved has never been passed upon by the Massachusetts courts.

Strike Settlement Dying Out

Balt. Oct. 18.—The textile strike council held a long session last night and voted that in the future no line of action should become operative unless sanctioned by four of the five unions. Secretary Whitehead said there would be no strike next Monday at which time the two weeks' postponement declared by the council will expire. The action of the council has caused a feeling of relief throughout the city and the impression generally prevails that the strike will not materialize.

Patronize Out of a Job

Newton, Mass., Oct. 18.—Patronizer Jeffrey H. Marchant has been found guilty of neglect of duty and sentenced to dismissal from the police. He was charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and neglecting to properly patrol his route. On the particular charge of breaking and entering the office of the Newton & Boston Street Railway company and abstracting five bunches of transfers, the decision is that the evidence is not sufficient to sustain the charge.

A Declension in Bankruptcy

Boston, Oct. 18.—A decision was handed down by Judge Lowell in the United States district court, in the case of Zephaniah Talbot, a bankrupt, to the effect that the wife of the bankrupt is not entitled to prove claim against the estate of her husband for money advanced to him from her separate estate, because a debt between husband and wife is void at law and is unenforceable either at law or in equity. The wife's claim is therefore denied proof.

A Ban on Milford

Milford, Mass., Oct. 18.—The largest contract for building stone that ever came to Milford was awarded yesterday to Daniel W. Darling of the Bay State Pink Granite company. The contract calls for the furnishing of cut pink granite for the Hanover National bank, which is to be erected in New York city, and which will be 23 stories high. The general contract involves millions of dollars.

The Missing Trunk of Jewelry

Boston, Oct. 18.—It is believed that the trunk containing about \$15,000 worth of jewelry, which was shipped from Providence, for Boston Sept. 25, by Martin, Copeland & Co., and which since has been missing, is somewhere in Boston. It is thought likely that it was stolen and taken to some boarding house, where the contents were removed.

Labor Difficulties Adjusted

Boston, Oct. 18.—The differences of coal teamsters and helpers, which one time threatened to assume proportions of a strike, in which nearly 1500 men would be affected, were amicably settled yesterday with the signing of an agreement as to wages and hours of labor, which is mutually satisfactory to employers and employees.

Smallpox at the Hub

Boston, Oct. 18.—The board of health yesterday reported two cases of smallpox in East Boston in the immediate neighborhood of the cases reported on Saturday and Sunday. The patients are man and wife, about 50 years old. The rest of the family, consisting of five children, are expected to contract the disease.

Horrible Work of Firemen

Boston, Oct. 18.—At a fire at the corner of South and Beach streets yesterday, 15 women were cut off from means of exit to the street. They were all rescued from the third story by the heroic work of the firemen and several citizens. But three bear marks of the fire. The property loss is very heavy.

Mary L. Nichols, an old time actress, died at Weston, Conn. Mrs. Nichols was 70 years old and had been, for at least 60 years, a member of the theatrical profession.

Percy Pettigill of Salisbury, Me., was drowned while crossing Frenchman's bay, due to a sudden upsetting his boat.

## Boers Have Penetrated to Sidonians

Out Recruits and Supplies in March Through Great Berg Valley

Cape Town, Oct. 18.—The invaders have reached the sea, a column of 500 men having penetrated through the rich Great Berg river valley to Hopefield and Saldanha bay, 90 miles north west of Cape Town.

The republicans have secured a number of recruits and considerable quantities of supplies. General French directing the operations against them,

In a little fight at Twenty-four streams, near Plettenberg, yesterday, Captain Bellows and four other British were killed and several others were wounded.

The British having suffered several setbacks, the Boers are now in the habit of shifting camps by night. Lately the British columns after long night marches have arrived at their objectives only to find the Boers gone.

British columns penetrating Orange River valley miles from the railway, find fields of maize or freshly plowed lands, the Boers having left at their approach and returning when the columns pass on. The fields of the high veldt will soon be in blossom. The Boers are living on cattle and hounds stored in out-of-the-way places.

A British convoy left Bloemfontein Saturday for De Doornspoor with 120 tons of supplies for the British South column reported by 1200 of the Boer guards under Major McGregor. When it reached Laetou Kop it was attacked by 200 Boers, who held a position on a hill. The fighting lasted till day Sunday, until dusk. The Boers decimated during the night, leaving 20 of their dead behind them. The British had 11 slightly wounded. The convoy delivered the supplies at De Doornspoor and returned without further trouble.

A column of six Englishwomen is inspecting the Boer refugee camps with exceptional thoroughness. There are 80 such camps and the commission is not likely to finish its labor before the end of December. The government is held to its requirement for secrecy, and all points relating to the humane treatment of the Boer women and children will be reserved for the parliamentary blue book.

Rhode Island Republicans

Providence, Oct. 17.—The state convention of Republicans held in Infantry hall, this city, yesterday nominated the officers of the state ticket and perfected a permanent organization of the party. Then the following state ticket was unanimously chosen: For governor, William Gregory of Wickford; lieutenant governor, Charles D. Kimball of Providence; secretary of state, Charles P. Bennett of Providence; general treasurer, Walter A. Read of Gloucester; attorney general, Charles E. Stevens of Pawtucket.

Wants Divorce and Damages

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 18.—Justice Houghton has granted orders of publication and summons in two actions brought by Mrs. Julia B. Belby against Noranna E. Belby, (Edl McCoy), for divorce and for \$25,000 personal damages for assault upon her at Saratoga last August. This is a renewal of the action previously brought and afterwards discontinued by Mrs. Belby when a partial reconciliation was effected with her husband.

Police Looking For Bank Employee

New York, Oct. 18.—George Armitage, aged 22, a messenger for the New Amsterdam bank, has been missing since Tuesday afternoon and the police are looking for him. He was last seen carrying a wallet filled with papers and checks worth about \$20,000. Armitage's salary as runner for the bank is said to have been \$8 a week and it was his duty to make the daily rounds of the creditors and make collections.

Long Imprisonment Recommended

Havana, Oct. 18.—The indictments in the postoffice fraud cases have been sent by the fiscal to the audiencia. The fiscal has asked that Neely, Rathbone and Reeves, the indicted officials, be sentenced to imprisonment for terms ranging from 21 to 28 years. Each of the accused men is charged with from 15 to 18 offenses. The counsel for the defense have 20 days in which to file answers to the indictments.

Sequel to Spectacular Marriage

Elswood, Me., Oct. 14.—Richard H. Payne of Eden, aged 73, asked for a divorce from his wife, who is 69. The petition was contested, but the decree for the libellant was granted Saturday, and a cross-label of the wife was withdrawn. Both applicants were based on statutory grounds. The couple were married in front of the grand stand as one of the attractions at the Hancock county fair seven years ago.

One of Spain's Highest Grandees

New York, Oct. 16.—The Duke of Alba, one of the highest grandees of Spain, died from heart failure yesterday at his apartments in the Holland house. The duke came to this city on Sept. 21 to witness the international yacht races, by the guest of Sir Thomas Lipton. On the day of the last race he contracted a severe cold, which developed into a case of influenza. The Duke of Alba was 53 years old.

Increase Credited to Democrats

Boston, Oct. 17.—The total registration in this city for the state election, which closed last night, is 10,240, as against 10,320 last year. This increase is believed to be almost entirely due to active interest taken on the subject by the Democratic managers this year, as the Republicans have appeared indifferent as far as the preliminary work of the campaign is concerned.

Weight Too Much For Boat

Portland, Oct. 17.—Seaman Starks and John Davis started to sail down the bay. The jib halyards became snrope and Davis, who weighs 170 pounds, started to climb to the top of the mast. He had almost reached the top when the little boat capsized and sank. Starks was drowned, but Davis was rescued.

## MUCH MONEY NEEDED

Outline of Naval Plans to Be Submitted to Congress

Washington, Oct. 18.—Secretary Long expresses the opinion that three big battleships, two heavily armored iron ships of high speed and a number of gunboats should be added to the navy. This gives a reliable forecast of the naval increase program that will be laid before congress. At the last session a clause was added to the naval bill directing the secretary of the navy to prepare plans and estimates for two big battleships and two armored cruisers and submit them to congress at the beginning of the coming session. The secretary regards gunboats as essential, and will probably review the recommendation he made last year that 12 be authorized. Mr. Long will recommend that the enlisted strength of the navy be increased to 30,000 men and that provision be made for adding line officers to the navy by increasing the number of ensigns, but the naval head may,

Speaker of the House for the naval establishment, Secretary Long adds:

"We can't have a navy unless we pay for it. The cost of the ships is only the beginning. We must have men to man them and must buy coal for them. Coal is expensive, and it takes a lot of money to supply the fuel needed for the ships. Then we must have yards in which to care for the ships and facilities for repairing them. The greater the number of vessels the greater must be the cost in third section. As far as the appropriate amount for the purchase of the ships is concerned, the amount of money we must have for caring for the vessels of those ships."

Mr. Long Caught at Last

Borneo, Oct. 17.—The notorious brigand, Maronillo, has been captured after a three week's resistance at Urbino. He had long tormented Colonia and had been with him 25 murders.

A British column of 1200 men, under Major MacGregor, had been sent to Laetou Kop to attack the Boers. After a long night march, the British had reached the British camp at De Doornspoor and returned without further trouble.

A column of six Englishwomen is inspecting the Boer refugee camps with exceptional thoroughness. There are 80 such camps and the commission is not likely to finish its labor before the end of December. The government is held to its requirement for secrecy, and all points relating to the humane treatment of the Boer women and children will be reserved for the parliamentary blue book.

Industrial Trust Co.,

Office, 303 Thames Street.

Capital, • • • • • \$1,500,000.00

Surplus, • • • • • 1,000,000.00

Deposits (August 1, 1901), • • • 18,628,456.27

Resources, • • • • • 21,175,795.81

Transacts a general banking and trust business.

Interest paid on deposits.

Accounts of individuals, corporations and trustees solicited.

## The Horse-Shoe Copper Mining Company

INCORPORATED IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

Capital Stock, \$1,000,000. 100,000 Shares, par value \$10 each.

Full paid and non-assessable.

General Offices: Park Row Building, New York City.

Bunkers: National Bank, New York City; Bank of Safford, Safford, Arizona.

## DIRECTORS:

J. L. QUAILLY, M. E., President, Safford, Arizona.

EDWARD K. HAYT, Secretary, 171 Broadway, N. Y.

Treasurer: Great Island Marble Quarries, Patterson, Putnam Co., N. Y.

FRANK S. WHITBR, Treasurer, at Park Row, N. Y.

(Formerly of Felt, Weller & Co., Inc., New York.)

HON. FRANCIS H. WILSON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(President Brooklyn Bank.)

J. N. PORTER, Safford, Arizona.

(President Bank of Safford.)

GEO. V. SHIPLEY, Pompton, N. J.

(Grazier, Felt & Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.)

The Horse-Shoe Copper Mining Company was organized to acquire and operate producing copper mines, or those that were in a state of development, with additional capital for spreading mining and equipment of the property with new and improved machinery, could be quickly placed upon a large working basis for the shareholders.

After many trials and exhaustive examination upon the part of competent mining men, which extended over a period of several months, the Great Eastern Group of Copper Mines was acquired by this company on Aug. 8, 1901, and is now owned by this company free and clear of all debt. This property lies in the Gila Range of Mountains, in Graham County, Arizona, and is within nine miles of the town of Safford, on the G. V. O. and N. Ry. In all the range the mountains lie within twenty-two miles of the famous copper producing mines of Phelps, Dodge & Co., at Morenci, Arizona, the mine containing the largest known copper ore in the world.

The Morenci Mine, exposing large bodies of rich ore on the Gila River, cannot be used in mining the ore in appreciable quantities, and in order to carry on extensive operations cheaply and expeditiously, a double concentrator and vertical working shaft is required. The contract for sinking this shaft 100 ft. deep, and equipping it with ample hoisting machinery, has been let, and this work is now being vigorously prosecuted. The completion of this shaft will give two levels 100 ft. deep by 60 ft. wide by 8,000 ft. long, containing one of an average value, without discount of \$3 per ton, the amount of ore giving returns of from \$30 to \$35 per ton. Being within nine miles of the railroad, the ore produced by these mines can be sold to the Custom House at El Paso at a net profit, after deducting all charges, of \$3 per ton.

This shaft will be completed by February first, when dividends of 50 per cent will begin to accrue. This will be steadily increased as the work progresses, and none need be hindered for employing additional miners.

The gratifying reports received yesterday from Mr. Quailly, the President, show that the great improvements which have taken place, and the extensive developments which are going on night and day, have enormously increased the value of our property. In order that the people of this city and vicinity may have time to make up their minds, we will give them 45 hours from this date to get their subscriptions and checks in at the \$5 per share, after which it will be \$7.50 per share until Nov. 1st, at which date it will be placed at par, or \$10.

Make checks, drafts or money orders payable to The Horse-Shoe Copper Mining Co., Frank S. Weller, Treasurer, Park Row Building, N. Y.

In order to purchase and install a 100 ton Concentrating Plant, which will require an additional sum of \$30,000 to the company, it has been decided to offer for public subscription 10,000 shares of this capital stock at \$5 per share, until October 15, after which date the price will be raised to \$7.50 per share.

Send for prospectus. In considering the purchase of this stock as an investment, remember

(1) That this is a valuable mining property, owned by this company and not worked on a lease, and that it is not a Prospect, but a Mine that will be quickly returning large profits to the shareholders.

(2) That the property is managed by the President, who is a Mining Engineer of long and extensive experience in the opening up and managing of Mines.

(3) That the profits of this company will be in the hands of, and carefully looked after by the Investors.

(4) That 30 per cent, per annum will be paid on the par value of this stock upon the employment of the Horse-Shoe Concentrating Working Shaft in February next, and an additional 20 per cent, when the Concentrating Plant is completed, or \$3 per cent, altogether, which will be increased to 100 per cent, before the year from this date.

(5) That the purchase of this stock at \$5 per share is equivalent to 100 per cent of the par value of \$3.00.

(6) That the stock of this company will be quickly advanced in price and be selling at \$5 per share within a year, and at \$10 per share within a year.

## ABRAHAM'S FORGERIES

May Cause a Loss of Over 200,000

to Banks and Individuals

Boston, Oct. 18.—The financial condition of the bankrupt firm of L. Abraham & Son, pipe manufacturers and tobacco dealers, are said

## West Indian Memorial.

The *bulletin*, published at St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, contains an interesting account of a memorial service to President McKinley.

The day was more generally observed and the service was more largely attended than were the services in memory of either Queen Louise of Denmark or for Queen Victoria of England, showing how largely the good and great McKinley had impressed himself upon the foreign world. In the service there were representatives of 16 nationalities, this being a metropolitan center.

## The Bulletin says:

An official service in memory of the late President McKinley was held in the Reformed Dutch Church yesterday afternoon.

The church was draped in mourning colors, attack of the pulpit being two large American flags prettily covered in black, with wreaths, bowlers and palm branches.

The invitation to the service was availed of by a large number of people who filled the church. It was a mixed company and included the most prominent as well as the humblest of our citizens.

Consul van Horne, having officially notified Government of the intended service, had invited His Excellency the Chargé and the officials to attend, the flags at all the public buildings were put at half-mast and the officials attended in full.

His Excellency Governor Hedenmann, who is Agent in St. Croix, was represented by Government Secretary Lassen, and we also noticed Pellemaester Wellens, Lieutenant van Beur, commanding the Military Forces, Lieutenant King-Hansen, Royal Treasurer and Intendant of Customs, Henningsen, Rev. C. Ring, Lutheran Clergyman, Brandtner, Rev. Lieutenant Petersen, Lawyer Jorgensen, K. D., Postmaster Jensen, K. D., Hartkunstner Krause, Royal Bookkeeper Kier, Assistant Bookkeeper Andersen, and School Inspector Quin.

The officials were seated in the right center aisle, the Consular Representatives of the Foreign Nations occupying seats in nuclei, all of whom, and others, being conducted to their places by the officers of the church.

Among those present were P. H. Moran, U. S. Vice-Consul and Consul of Chile and Colombia, H. McNease, His Britannic Majesty's Consul, The Brandstet, Consul of Russia, G. Harten, French Consular Agent, O. Lovitz, Consul of Spain, Lawyer C. Angel, Consul of Austria-Hungary, and V. Wilse, Consul of Sweden-Norway.

The Consul of Germany, Captain Sonderhoff, and the Consul of Hayti and Venezuela, Mr. C. Daniel, were unavoidably absent. Consul G. H. Moran, who represents Italy, Holland, Brazil and Mexico is off the Island.

The flags at all the Consulates were put at half-mast, as well as from the ships in port, the Floating Dock and several private houses.

As a further mark of respect many places of business were closed during the service, the Methodist and Congregational meetinghalls tolling minute bells.

The service began punctually at 4 and lasted an hour and a half. It was simple but impressive and during its course many a tear was shed.

On the 14th was the pastor, Rev. Aeneasus, Consul van Horne, the Right Reverend Bishop Cheever and Rev. Robert of the Methodist church, Rev. Meany, Wesleyan, Rev. M. A. Kim, Evangelical Episcopal, and Rev. G. L. of the Hebrew Congregation. The venerable Archdeacon Hinman, who was to make the opening address, was absent through sickness.

After an opening prayer by the pastor, in which President Roosevelt, the widow of the late President McKinley, the American nation, and all nations and peoples were included, the address began.

Bishop Groder was the first speaker. He spoke earnestly, and after paying a brief tribute to the departed President was followed by Rev. Maxwell, who dwelt upon the Christ-life and death of the late President.

Rev. Aeneasus next rose to address the congregation. In spite of his deep and visible emotion, which moved him to tears, the pastor delivered a short but touching address on the worth, work, and character of President McKinley.

In the course of his address he mentioned the great satisfaction he felt at the manifestations of sympathy shown him personally and otherwise as well as at the sympathy manifested by the Imperial Government, the officials, in fact by one and all.

He then introduced officially the next speaker, Consul van Horne, the representative of the United States Government.

Consul van Horne, in a very appropriate address, gave a eloquent character-sketch of the departed President, whom he had the pleasure of knowing personally—a gentle, lovable man, whose best place in history will be in the hearts of his people.

The speaker also expressed his thanks and appreciation to the officials and all others for sympathies shown him in various ways, and of which a further proof was given in the attendance at the service.

The singing of an anthem followed, after which Rev. Koenig delivered the concluding prayer.

The President's favorite hymn, "Neatly My God to Thee" was then sang, the service closing with the benediction.

## An Inveterate Prejudice.

"Seven won't take my medicine," said the doctor, who had been called in against the patient's wishes.

"I will not," replied the patient.

"I suppose you're one of these poor deluded beings who believe in throwing physic to the dogs."

"Not indiscriminately. Some dogs are valuable."

Of all the good stories ever told about the late Dr. St. John, Bishop of Oxford, probably the following, which really is authentic, is the best: Prior to his time he was Bishop of Chester, and when the see of Oxford became vacant it was offered to him, the fact of the offer being made public some days before he signed his intention of accepting it. A local reporter was sent up to see if possible to make inquiries as to the Bishop's decision. "This leadership is unseemly," was the foreman's reply to a request for the Bishop. "Might I see Mrs. St. John?" "Mrs. St. John is engaged." "I should like to see some member of the family." And finally the reporter was ushered into the presence of Miss St. John and delivered his message of his inquiry. "Well, you see, it's this way," said the Bishop's daughter, "my husband is praying for guidance, but his maids begin to pack, so I suppose we are going."

## IN THE WORLD OF FASHION

Notes of the Modes for Those Who Help Create Their Own Costumes.

Golf caps are longer, being almost three-quarters length. They are in the Oxford gray and dark blue, and have the bands and facing down the sides of plaid. Long raglan coats of black silk, alpaca, and grasshopper will be used for travelling. Some are semi-fitted, others only three-quarter length.

Batiste embroideries are employed extensively, as are blue appliqués. An entire gown of cutout batiste relieved to fancy net with a white silk batiste made an exquisite gown. This cutout batiste, edged with cord and stitching, is considered among the swellest novelties. One of the full-length cloaks affected by the ultra-fashionable was entirely made of this novelty, over a foundation of white silk. The effect was stunning, says a fashion authority.

How smart is the tailored jacket which comes home with finger-velvet attachments of white cloth, finely embroidered, with narrow lines of silver on black. The attachment is very narrow. It is sometimes attached to another waistcoat, also joined to the jacket front. There is no gold used on the white cloth, only silver, and very little of that. A mere tie of argent is more acceptable than heavy argent.

Raglan coats of white satin, covered with black Chantilly lace, will be worn for summer driving. The stylish garment is caught at the bust with a rosette of black satin ribbon falling in long ends. Circular caps for the same purpose are of black lace and silk elaborately trimmed with chintz, lace and ribbons. Most of them are lined with white satin.

A photogenic bonbon gown of pale blue silk, closely striped with satin and festooned with flowers applied to lace lace. A train of white chiffon is drawn round the shoulders, the ends forming a vest-and-roses by two pretty bows of white silk. The gown opens in front toward the foot to show a petticoat of white chiffon, which in turn is ornamented with the same floral festoons of lace that adorn the blue silk.

For military use and for trimming handsome summer gowns, capes and robes great use is made of point d'Arabe and point de Venise lace. Some of the designs are of rather substantial quality, resembling guipure, and some in widths from two to ten inches. There are also edgings, insertions and appliquéd pieces to match.

Some of the most lovely frocks this season are composed of gray crepe de chine or some such soft fabric, inserted with medallions of black Chantilly lace. This lace certainly holds its own as a trimming both for young and old, and on white lawn blouse proves a very edgy finish to an otherwise plain garment. These medallions have appeared on some of the best muslins and extremely useful they are in the matter of the frock for semi-formal.

The dotted foulard scarf as a hat trimming is becoming a bit wearisome, but the Persian-bordered kerchiefs are undeniably smart and as the accompaniment of the tailor-made gown for morning or country wear it has a certain charm. A large silk handkerchief is tied round the high crown, the ends passed through the brim in front and tied in a large butterfly bow, the trim being turned back right off the face. With these hats, which are turned back from the foreheads, the hat requires to be pulled well forward and turned back in a pool, only a stray curl or two appearing on the forehead.

## SALAD FOR HOT WEATHER.

Something Refreshing for a Bitter Palate When Nothing Else Will Taste Good.

A fruit salad, crisp and cold from its resting place on the ice, will refresh a tired palate as nothing else will on a hot day, and it may be served at luncheon or be used as the salad course at dinner, says Sophie White, in *Woman's Home Companion*. For a banana salad, take a tarragon and perfect peach, turn back a strip of the peel, and carefully scoop out the pulp with a small spoon. If you can get the short, thick variety of banana in either red or yellow, preferably the former—you will find it best for the purpose; but failing in these—and they are difficult to procure—you must make the ordinary yellow plantain banana serve the purpose. To fill the space left by the removal of the pulp—for the banana peels are to be the salad dishes—prepare a mixture of thick-sliced bananas, some shredded orange and stoned cherries, and a few kernels of English walnuts blanched and broken into small pieces; all these ingredients must be mixed in a bowl with a generous supply of mayonnaise or boiled dressing, after which the cases are filled with salad, laid on crisp lettuce leaves and set on the ice until serving time. This salad should be prepared only a short time before serving, just long enough to permit it to become chilled.

## SOUPLESS SALAD.

A slice of bacon, cut into small bits, a small onion, chopped fine but not minced, four medium-sized tomatoes, one cupful of cold boiled rice. Put the bacon and onion in a frying pan, brown, being careful not to burn, add sliced tomatoes, then the rice, season highly with pepper, adding salt to taste. The Spanish cooks add a chili pepper. This recipe makes enough for six persons, and it is a nice dish for the leftovers. String beans may be used in place of rice.

Bacon—Can you speak French? Novel—A little. That is, I can sing by numbers.—N. Y. World.

CASTORIA.

Save the Scented Scent.

*Castor* H. Fletcher

## RABBIT AND EAGLE.

A Noteworthy Instance of Pluck and Bravery in the Field of Antislavery.

While riding up some steep hills on the plains of Colorado, near the foot of the Rocky mountains, one day a few years ago, my attention was attracted by the unusual behavior of a golden eagle, which suddenly dived down from the sky and disappeared, says a writer in *Yesterdays Companion*. Almost immediately it reappeared, only to swoop downward and vanish as before.

Sporing my horse to the top of the hill I saw before me a level tableland, several hundred yards in extent, flanked upon its further side by a deep and tortuous ravine. The tableland was entirely devoid of vegetation or cover of any sort; not so much as a clump of cactus or a bunch of sagebrush relieved the monotony of its level.

The jades have known of the accomplishments of the gun for some days, but it was only the other Sunday that the officers discovered that the long, sliding black monster was as well versed in the gentle arts of peace as it was in the grim duties of war.

It was just after evening quarters that the officer of the deck noticed a crowd of scurrying jades surging around the forward turret from which the "Twin," as the two guns are named, stretched forth their long, black necks.

Seizing a rifle the officer made his way to the crowd, which fell back at his approach. No fight was in progress, however, and he was about to leave when a voice bawled in his ear: "Rubber!"

He turned quickly to spot the offender against naval discipline, but there was no one near him.

"Strike up the band. Here comes a sailor! I don't think," shrieked the voice again.

The lieutenant was by that time as red as the mess pannier, dashing above.

"There you, there in the turret!" he cried, peering through the port into the darkness within. "Come out of that! What do you mean by being in there without permission and using such language to your superior officer? Come out, I say, and report to the mast!"

"Oh, I don't know, you're not so warm!" promptly returned the voice from within.

That was too much for the lieutenant. With two bounds he was at the turret's door, only to find it close locked and bolted from without.

"Messenger!" cried the lieutenant, "Send for the petty officer in charge of this turret at once!"

It was ten minutes before the petty officer came running up with the keys, and in the meantime the lieutenant was regaled with selections from Jackey's vocabulary and many of the songs which are mostly heard along the Boverry. He didn't enjoy the entertainment half so much as the men.

"That man will get ten days in the brig or I'll forfeit this month's pay," said the lieutenant through his teeth as the door swung open and he crawled inside. "Now, my man, out you come!"

But there was no man, not even a bat.

Still the songs went on, but fatigued and muffled. A light dawned on the lieutenant.

Springing to the breech block he snapped it open and there within the gun reposed as innocent and harmless a little phonograph as ever left a shop window.

"Neg, pardon, sir," said the petty officer, sheepishly saluting, "that you see some of the men shipped in and bought this machine, and as they couldn't get a cylinder big enough to give us the volume of sound we wanted, we just stuck it in here, locked the breech, took out the tom-pion and let her go, so giving all the men on the fort a chance to hear the music and remarks."

"Henson," said the lieutenant, seriously, "for once I will overlook such trifling with government property, but never let it happen again—and, Henson, you needn't say anything about the matter, you understand?"

Some one must have said something, however, for there was much popping of cork in the veranda mess that night, and just before taps the lieutenant was seen going to his room and heard muttering that "he'd be hanged if he was going to sign any more checks and that if his writer's cramp wasn't any better in the morning he'd report the whole mess for ourrigeous man-handling."

Apple Cake.

Measure two cups of sifted flour, add two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt and sift again into a mixing bowl; make a well in the center; beat whites of two and yolk of one egg until light, add grated rind of a lemon, one tablespoonful of melted butter and a cup of milk; mix this gradually into the flour until you have a thick batter or very soft dough.

Spread this on shallow, well-buttered tins, having batter not more than half an inch thick. Pare and cut into eighths enough large, tart apples to cover the top of the cakes by laying the pieces closely together in rows, pressing the sharp edges into the dough; set well with softened butter; sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar and bake in a hot oven. When done, dust with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

Washington Star.

In early times the diamond was worn rough or polished only on its upper surface. It was in this form that it was used to decorate temples, goblets and crowns. Such stones are still infinitely preferred to any others by the natives of India. Many of the jewels presented to the prince of Wales during his Indian tour were in an uncut state.

The most perfect collection of colored diamonds is in the Museum of Vienna, and is in the form of a bouquet, the different flowers being composed of diamonds of the same color as the blossoms represented. These stones were collected by one Virgil von Heinzendorf, a Tyrolean, who had passed many years in Brazil among the diamond mines.

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Among historic diamonds one, the "Pipora," has gone out of existence.

The story of its destruction is a tragic one. It was said to be worth \$20,000. The diamond came into the possession of Ali Pasha, who always wore it in a green silk purse attached to his girdle.

He was wearing it when he was wounded by Reshid Pasha. Knowing that his wound was mortal, he immediately retired to his divan, gave orders that his favorite wife should be poisoned, and then delivered the diamond to Capt. D'Anglis with the order that it should be crushed to powder in his presence. His command was obeyed, and the beautiful gem

## NEW USE FOR 13-INCH GUN.

One of the Alabama's Big Rifles Fired Entertainment for the Officer of the Deck.

The battleship Alabama, which left the Brooklyn navy yard on a recent Sunday for Newport, has the queerest gun in the service. It is one of the two big 13-inch rifled in the forward turret. Without the least provocation and at the most inopportune times it will pour forth choice foul language, interpreted with Bowery ditties, says the New York Sun.

The jades have known of the accomplishments of the gun for some days, but it was only the other Sunday that the officers discovered that the long, sliding black monster was as well versed in the gentle arts of peace as it was in the grim duties of war.

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## The President's Dog.

A little incident which somebody at the White House witnessed the other day is significant both as an illustration of certain traits in the character of President Roosevelt and as an example for his children. There had been an impression among certain of his critics that he believed "the strenuous life" to consist chiefly in hunting and killing animals, but though a mighty hunter, he is not merely a hunter, as the following occurrence shows.

It was a rainy, dreary day, soon after Mr. Roosevelt's return to Washington, and after a busy morning the president and his secretary started out for a walk. Just outside the door lay a homeless, friendless dog, as close to the wall as he could get, his body curled up into the smallest possible bunch to avoid the rain and possible observation. As the two men emerged from the door he looked up at them expectantly to see if a kick or a stern "Go off with you, now!" would compel him to beat a rapid retreat. But nothing of the sort occurred. Mr. Roosevelt's expressive face took on a pleading and kindly look, and bending down, he stroked the animal's head and pulled him gently by the ears.

"Poor doggy, haven't you any master?" he inquired. Then he went back into the house, and the dog, with distinctive understanding of the situation, trotted back at the heels. The president ordered that the wolf should be taken to the kitchen and given a good meal and it is said that that dog will be the dog of the White House during this administration.

Mr. Roosevelt is not one of those sportsmen who are satisfied with popping away at tame pigeons. When he goes hunting he wants the excitement of killing a dangerous wild beast. It will be a good thing for his boy advisers to remember that the man who led the charge at San Juan Hill was quite as ready to bestow a homeless cur as to hunt cougars or grizzlies.

## About Trade Marks.

When Jenny Lind was receiving her remarkable American ovation, fifty years ago, it was mentioned at a table where she was entertained that an enterprising fish merchant had already registered a trade-mark for Jenny Lind herrings. "A young girl at the table promptly said: 'That is a silly idea.'

Every trade-mark is a silly idea. Certainly there was never before such a trade-mark impetus as now exists. Owners of every kind of movable property, whether animal, vegetable or mineral, are rushing and registering trade-marks. To supply the demand for information about patenting trade-marks, O. A. Snow & Co., of Washington, D. C., have published for free distribution a small book of information about trademarks, explaining what may be patented (registered) as a trade mark, with pictorial illustrations of many trademarks prepared for their clients, and decisions in trade-mark cases.

## Of Two Evils the Lesser.

Papa, "Didn't I tell you, Willie, if I caught you playing with Tommy Jink again I would whip you?"

Willie, "Yes, sir."

Papa, "When why were you playing with him?"

Willie, "Well, I got lonesomer than I thought I'd be. It would hurt, so I just went over and played with him, that is why."

## His One Success.

Miss Kuleker—Did you ever go in for literature, Mr. Gay?

Mr. Gay—Well—or—not exactly, but once when I was at college I wrote a short story and got \$100 for it.

Miss Kuleker—Really? What was it?

Mr. Gay—"Dear Father, I'm broke. Please send me a hundred."

News is Anything the Rival Paper Didn't Get.

"Pa, what is news?"

"Well, Jimmie, real news is what we read in the paper about something that we didn't know had happened right in our own neighborhood."—Uhingo Record.

"Mystics who acquire tremendous psychic force do not eat meat at all, but live on fruits, vegetables, roots, cereals and one or two eggs a day," asserts a New York writer in suggesting a way to escape paying fancy prices for beef. "They have perfect health and live to be very old, many passing the century mark. Would you enjoy the ideal breakfast—aspargus, scrambled eggs, dry toast and a cup of weak tea? The ideal luncheon—a cold tomato and three leaves of lettuce, with pepper and salt? The ideal dinner—fresh peas, boiled onions, a half portion of fish, fried onions and water from the spring? Omit bread. No good! Bread is the mother, father and remotest ancestor of dyspepsia. J. Pierpont Morgan is a man of tremendous physical force and nearly a giant in stature as well as intellect. At an official banquet given in his honor in London the other night all that he ate was a small piece of fish and two soft-boiled eggs, and his drink was a glass of water. He is hunting for payable force."

She, Do you think women like to get in print?

He, Yes, indeed, I do.

"Well, I don't think so; I know my mother is opposed to it."

"Yes, she is! Hasn't she been trying for years to become some one's mother-in-law, and you can't pick up a paper without finding a mother-in-law joke in it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Maud—Your fiance called on me last night. Mabel—Indeed? Maud—Yes, guess what he said to me. Mabel—I haven't the least notion. Maud—He said: "I wish that I dared to kiss you." Mabel (confidentially)—But he didn't do it. Maud—How do you know? Mabel (secretly)—There are limits even to heroism.—Town and Country.

His Friend Gray—You certainly have a fine collection of antiques. But is there no doubt about the authenticity of any of these old articles? The Collector—None in the slightest. I had them manufactured to my order; so you see, I know just what I have got.—Boston Transcript.

As to the tea Roman candles, observed Mr. Meddergass, abstractedly selecting a few rashes, "All I got to say is that if Julius Caesar at any of the rest of them Romans ever tried to sit up an' read the weekly paper before eating it, he'd be his hands full."—Baltimore Record.

## Both Were Taught Something.

The master of a sailing vessel, who prided himself on his good manners and delighted to teach politeness to his crew, had one day at the wheel a man, though an old and experienced seaman, who was now hand on board this ship. Going up to him, the master asked:

"How's her head?"

"Not by her east," answered the old tar, very gruffly.

"My man," harkly expostulated the master, "on this craft when one of the crew speaks to me he gives me a title of respect. Don't you think you ought to do so, too? Now how's her head?"

"Not by your east, I tell you!" shouted the tar, displaying not a little irritation.

"Come, I'm afraid you don't quite understand me," responded the master, kindly.

"Let me relieve you at the wheel and ask me the question. I will then show you how it should be answered."

"'Ow's her east?" roared the tar.

"Not by nor east, sir," replied the captain, with a gentle emphasis on the "sir."

"Then keep her so, my man, while I goes forward and has a smoke," was the rejoinder.—London Tit Bits.

## Why He Came to Him.

A motley man of behalf was surprised to receive a call from a rather seedy looking chap—an unknown stranger—the other day. Having ascertained the gentleman that he was not a book agent he was allowed to enter and state his business, which he had decided, in order to gain admittance, was important.

"Well, sir," said the wealthy man, expectantly as the worthy stepped in. "Why?" was the unabashed reply. "I'd like you to endorse this note for me."

The man of money examined the note critically as he observed, "Why do you come to me? I don't know you from Adam. Why don't you go to some old man you know?"

"Well, sir, was the cool reply, "I came to you because I knew you could stand the loss better than anyone else I know of."

The millionaire inquired the note, after securing the name of the huckster his caller is using.—From the Detroit Free Press.

## She Knew.

Marjorie is the small and only daughter in a family which boasts of several sons. Aged four, Marjorie, petite and impulsive and enjoying excellent opportunities for becoming spoiled. She has lately attained to the dignity of the kindergarten and comes home daily with some fresh realization of wisdom. A few days ago it was addition, and she proclaimed proudly at the dinner table,

"I know how much two and two make and free and two and two and two."

"And what," said her father, "do you and I make, Marjorie?"

Without a moment's hesitation over new factors in her problem, the little mind answered, with a dimple and a smile:

"Sweethearts."

And all the family were enthralled with Marjorie's arithmetic.

## The Hero and the Man.

"If Admiral Dewey's posts of admirals could have been him as I know him, one lovely evening recently," said a Portsmouth woman, "they would love the man as sincerely as they command the brave and far-sighted sea-fighter."

"He stood on the broad plazza of the hotel at Little Harbor, where the memories of gallant colonial days yet linger.

He was talking with friends when a girl, still only a child, said: "I wish I could speak to Admiral Dewey!" A woman heard her and answered, "You shall, and so shall all the children."

"Good-bye," said the admiral, "Good-bye."

Second Small Boy (disgusted). Aw, he's been evading for some kidnapper on the hunk!"—The Weekly Telegraph.

## "Joey" Chamberlain.

Joseph Chamberlain's love for the orchid is well known and is responsible for the following. During the progress of a political meeting lately in the provinces, at which Mr. Chamberlain spoke, an old man of the laboring class pushed his way to the front and asked of an old acquaintance:

"Who?"

"Who?" Chamberlain. Which of that lot?"

"That clean shaven chap there—him with the eyebrows!" responded the man addressed.

"Not by nor east, I tell you!" shouted the tar, displaying not a little irritation.

"Come, I'm afraid you don't quite understand me," responded the master, kindly.

"Let me relieve you at the wheel and ask me the question. I will then show you how it should be answered."

"'Ow's her east?" roared the tar.

"Not by nor east, sir," replied the captain, with a gentle emphasis on the "sir."

## Of No Consequence.

Husband. You are my glory as an owl. Bulking because I can't get you that new bonnet, I suppose.

Wife. No, I was only going over some old letters, that's all. It's nothing of importance. Only a fit of the blues.

"What blues?"

"Love letters."

"Are you wild?"

"Home you received."

"Oh, no, sir, oh?"

"No, some I received before I met you. It's of no consequence. None at all. How is your cold?"—New York Weekly.

## The Change in the Tenderfoot.

"This is a remarkably healthy climate, they say," said the Easterner.

"You're right, sir," said Arizona Al, "for instance, not long ago a tenderfoot with a weak chest, at a pale fare tripped into Miner's Delight, called me a liker, sir, of course, I had to clean up. About two months after a big sunburned cowboy dropped me on the street, waded the earth up with me, and cleaned me up in a tree to recuperate. He's a fellow. Best climate in the world, pard."

## The Other Fellow.

Mrs. Upton. My oh, my! Phew! did you git the black eye, Pat?

Gregory. Oh, I was wild 'n' thin an' foolish that had some wildness wid me'n' Glancy.

Mrs. Upton. Oh, the murderer!

Gregory. Oh, darling! don't suppose him as the dead."—Philadelphia Press.

## Why He Gave Up Swearing.

First Small Boy (mystified). What on earth is the matter with Butts?

Whatever he says: "Oh, schools!" "Dicks!" "Good Chucks!" or "Oh, me! Oh, my!"

Second Small Boy (disgusted). Aw, he's been evading for some kidnapper on the hunk!"—The Weekly Telegraph.

## The High Court of Nature.

"After much deliberation," said Cholly, in a burst of confidence, "I have decided to wake a miasma."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Judge's bright daughter, "but isn't there some likelihood of your decision being reversed by a higher court?"

## Her Idea of It.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Perkins, "I wish you would save up your money and buy a yacht."

"What for?"

"We need so many things for the table and winning races seems such a cheap way to get silverware."—Toronto News.

## High Praise.

"Oh, Mr. Longfellow!" exclaimed Miss Quillington, "there's one thing I do so admire about your drawings in the paper."

"Indeed?" replied the young artist, much pleased.

"Your signature, I think it's just too cute."—Philadelphia Press.

## Bright Outlook.

Silas. Heow is your son gettin' on at college?

Cyrus. First rate! He has mastered French now an' he says he'll soon be able to get a job as water an' understand the menu!

## Continuous Performance.

"Well, no man has to die more than once anyway."

"I don't know about that. How about the youngest soldier to enlist in the Civil War. He died regularly every year or so."—Philadelphia Press.

## No Head for Business.

"He has married a fortune, but he is too generous to keep it long."

"Yes?"

"Why, even his wife has only to ask him for money and she gets it!"—Detroit Free Press.

## He Didn't Meet It.

Hewitt. Have you met with an accident, old man?

Jewett. No, the accident overtook me; I was struck by a trolley car.

The Fly Crow. "How far?" asked the woodcock, "do you call it from here to Thompson's grave?"

"Well," answered the crow, "the distance as I fly, is four miles, but as you fly it's about nine miles and a half."—Chicago Tribune.

The Wife. I understand that the man they rescued from the burning building tried to commit suicide.

The Husband. No wonder; he had

on a pair of pajamas his wife had made for him.—Smart Set.

"If you intend to die on us," quipped the captured mother, "why did you greet us with a fusilade?"

"Because we always pepper our food before eating it," grinned the cannibal.—Philadelphia Record.

## Why Women Wear Hysteria.

Have you ever asked a woman who deserves to please? She will probably answer herself, but the statement is made in every instance save to those of the dress reformer—and that means the woman without hope.

In the palmy days of Greece three philosophers sat against the sunny side of the temple discussing the infinite and the branches thereof.

"A woman," said one, "dresses to please the men."

"A woman," said the other, affectively, "dresses to worry the other women."

The discussion waxed acrimonious, until both appealed to the third, who belonged to the school of the trimmings.

"A woman," said he, "dresses to please the men, and thereby wins the other woman."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## An Odd Abbreviation.

We keep company with an ivil, phobic, expost or abbreviat for many years without ever thinking a thought of it until an accident draws attention to its oddity. How many of us who write "No" every day for "Number" and "Yes" for "Intemperies" have considered the origin of the abbreviation? Very few. We and it grow up together, and neither requires a certificate of character. It never occurred to us that there is no "o" in "Intemperies" why? Because teacher never thought of it.—The New York Press.

## Not His Ninth.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:  
 1. Name and date must be clearly written.  
 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.  
 3. All material must be original.  
 4. The name of the paper only, & in enclosing a query always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature of a letter addressed to distributor, or to be forwarded, must be sent to blank stamped envelope, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

Mrs. E. M. TILLEY,  
care Newport Historical Society,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, October 13, 1901.

## NOTES.

THE COOKES OF RHODE ISLAND  
DESCENDANTS OF WALTER  
COOKE OF Weymouth, MASS.  
1638-1870.

BY H. RUTH COOKE.

Jeremiah Cooke (204) m<sup>d</sup>, Ruth Martin, b. Sept. 21, 1765, dau. of John and Sarah (Winter) Martin, of Smithfield, R. I., lived in New Haven, Ct. Their children were:

1. Major Christopher Cooke, m<sup>d</sup>, died in New Haven, Ct., Sept. 21, 1780, and Beedle Brooks.

2. Sarah Cooke, b. New Haven, Ct., July 27, 1782, m<sup>d</sup>, Daniel Brooks.

3. Luther Cooke, b. May 28, 1784, and Judith Capron, b. died, called Capon, from Beyond Upen, granted of land at Dorchester, Mass. He an old man, died age 70, Nov. 3, 1853, his wife John said to be a daughter of Oliver Purchases, died 15 years after him.

4. Catharine Cooke, b. April 18, 1787, Joseph Meritfield, married by his father.

5. Elizabeth Cooke, m<sup>d</sup>, Abraham Cooke.

6. Ruth Cooke, m<sup>d</sup>, Elizabeth Clark.

7. Paul Cooke, m<sup>d</sup>, Martha Clark, parents of Silas Jilson of No. 208.

The Wholesome Powder.

8. to be continued.

9. Nicholas Cooke, b. May 28, 1789, and Judith Capron, b. died, called Capon, from Beyond Upen, granted of

land at Dorchester, Mass. He an old man, died age 70, Nov. 3, 1853, his wife John said to be a daughter of Oliver Purchases, died 15 years after him.

10. Catharine Cooke, b. Aug. 8, 1802, m<sup>d</sup>, Anna Swan, Oliver Cooke, b. Mar. 20, 1803, d. Mar. 28, 1803.

11. Anna Swan, Oliver Cooke, b. Mar. 20, 1803, d. Mar. 28, 1803.

12. Catharine Cooke, b. June 18, 1800, killed by lightning Sept. 23, 1822.

13. Catharine Cooke, b. Aug. 2, 1808, m<sup>d</sup>, Stephen Randolph.

Another account says the mother of this family Ruth (Hamsey) Dix.

14. Luke Cass Cooke (217) went to Oneida Co., New York, and died Oct. 4, 1818, m<sup>d</sup>, probably at Montague, Mass., in 1802, Clarissa Winslow, dau. of Nathaniel and Thankful (Randall) Winslow, Clarissa, b. June 11, 1818, and died Aug. 25, 1845. In 1809, they lived in Richmond, N. H., next went to Kendal, N. H., and in 1813, went to Oneida Co., and was moved, last, to the cemetery at Andover, Ohio. Their children were:

15. Polly Cooke, b. July 23, 1808, m<sup>d</sup>, Ap. 21, 1832, Horace Wilcox, of Richmond, N. H., May 23, 1832, m<sup>d</sup>, William Heath.

16. Lucy Cooke, b. Richmond, N. H., May 10, 1809, d. 1886, m<sup>d</sup>, Albert Heath.

17. Hester Cooke, b. Feb. 1807, d. d. 1818.

18. Nathaniel Cooke, b. Readstock, Vt., June 10, 1808, d. July 18, 1837, m<sup>d</sup>, Phidelia Heath, and had Warren Cooke, b. May 21, 1812, who m<sup>d</sup>, Kate Coopers.

19. Fanny Cooke, b. Oct. 14, 1811, d. 1818.

20. Lydia Cooke, b. in Readstock, Vt., for Readstock, Vt., May 23, 1814, m<sup>d</sup>, William Heath.

21. Caroline Cooke, b. Jan. 18, 1817, m<sup>d</sup>, Horace Leonard.

22. Lucia Cooke, b. in Oneida Co., N. Y., Feb. 29, 1820, and Warren Heath.

23. Luke Cass Cooke, b. in Oneida Co., N. Y., Dec. 1, 1822, m<sup>d</sup>, Persis Merrill.

24. Calvin Cooke, b. Jan. 25, 1826, m<sup>d</sup>, Ellen Madison.

25. Nathaniel Cooke, b. March 28, 1796, m<sup>d</sup>, March 25, 1822, Sybille Hart, coate; thus his wife was his birthday present, for his twenty-fourth year.

26. Fannie Cooke, b. July 11, 1800, m<sup>d</sup>, Stephen Levett, Oct. 14, 1888.

27. Lydia Cooke, b. March 10, 1804, m<sup>d</sup>, Miranda Sader of Upton, Mass., N. Y., Feb. 29, 1820, and Warren Heath.

28. Luke Cass Cooke, b. in Oneida Co., N. Y., Dec. 1, 1822, m<sup>d</sup>, Persis Merrill.

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